

Berlin - W. Behr^{er} Straße - 3rd Oct^r 1838

My dear Friend

Do not for one instant suppose that you have been forgotten amidst the whirl of amusements & novelties that surround me here - I have not written because I had no opportunity of sending the letter and had nothing to communicate worth paying for.

With Germany I am delighted - here are many things here which are not quite à la mode - & many also quite un-English, but thank heaven my philosophy is large enough to swallow the soil with the rock & let it be buried therein - so that the residuum is a large stock of argument. I am intimate here with a great many of the first families and am considerably petted, especially by my best friend ever, the ladies - but this I set down to the score of being an Englishman; for independently of the character our nation universally bears, there is in Berlin at present a vehement Anglomania. There are some who imitate the English in every department of their conduct. I have scarcely met with one educated lady who did not either speak, read, or was conversing English - & gentlemen of course all add English to French. Balzac here is their idol - more the pity - I have had several battles with ladies about him & the girls generally fall in love with him - "Ben" is also the rage, which he ought to be, though I am told his books lose half their point in translation. However without enumerating all the men who are translated here it will be sufficient to mention that the "Works of Miss Sarah Stickney" are in the course of delivery! Like all besotted mania when things are adopted because they are within the mania, the flashy & shallow, even uppermost on the stream of things are those largely caught at & adopted, while the things worth catching are passed hurriedly over - thus amidst the profusion of trash imported here from England our greatest men are never to be found - Carlyle, Wilson, Shelley, Keats, & Wordsworth are never known by name - much less by works. I have repeatedly required into this both from letters & educated people. Carlyle some few have a faint glimpse of - a publisher who pretended to be learned in English literature told me he thought Dr. Lardner one greatest philosopher - on my indignant denial he asked me who was - I said "Leigh Hunt" - who? - I then pronounced it "Lie Hunt" & he replied "oh yes I have read an article of his in the new monthly." But I have met with one lady, one of the most celebrated savantes in Berlin, who, as all who know you do, makes an idol of you & I have set one deep thinking man here mad after your works for which he has given an unlimited order to a friend in London, by quoting to him some of your gems - & some pieces from Christianism. I was rambling with him the other day over a lovely wood - he sunlight breaking most fantastically the ^{otherwise} monotony of shade, & beautiful cascades murmuring their never tiring music - we sat down by one of them & after an explanation of delight I said "it is in such scenes as these that we feel more intensely the profound important aphorism 'Heaven lies around us everywhere'." At this he paused - I explained the meaning to him & he whole day he was repeating "heaven lies around us everywhere" until I got so tired

that I said "with hell was around" - I have heard of a German Baron who is either collecting materials or else is absolutely writing a life of Shelley! and am trying vigorously to be introduced to him. Tell Carlyle that I have delivered his parcel. Varnhagen is one of the first literary men here & the only elegant man I have met with - that is elegant according to our notions. He is very like you, without your animal spirits, & like you (a shame to say) his reputation is more built upon articles than works - he reads English perfectly but cannot speak or understand it. We had a long chat upon English literature & the Spanish poets - & have interchanged the loan of books together, he did me the honor to call on me though quite an invalid. Besides him I have made several literary & scientific acquaintances - among the rest the great Boeckh, who is a perfect bit of amiability & philosophy; I spent one whole day with him in the country which you imagine was a great treat to me. We had several very interesting discussions on the philosophy of Language, on Homer & his translators cum multis aliis. We also spoke of the difference of English & German pronunciation of Greek & Latin - they laugh at us for pronouncing them like English; this I observed was not fair because they pronounce them as they do German but I said it with them. I said - our & their pronouncings, &c. but in this Boeckh agrees with us. I may also mention a Mr. Klein, a relation of the Poet, & the Baroness the granddaughter of Baron Mendelssohn, niece of Schlegel, cousin of Meyerbeer, & Felix Mendelssohn, & friend of Weber. She is extremely clever and is so fond of me that were she not fifty there would be scandal -

Do you remember our last delightful walk through Kensington Gardens? In that said discussion you gave a very unfavourable idea of Berlin which allow me to correct. It is a large, handsome, military, uniform looking place, with long broad streets, immense houses, & contained a number of very fine buildings - there is one part where the Museum, the Arsenal, the Opera House, &c. I don't remember how many palaces are all within five minutes walk of each other - the coup d'oeil of which is very striking. But the fault of the town is too great uniformity - all the streets look alike.

The people are very pleasant but strikingly deficient in elegance. In fact they are a paradox - putting something of an extreme refinement to reminding in semi-barbarism in others. I shall devote a chapter to Bentley to the manners & customs here. By the bye will you when you see Dickens ask him if he has received my parcel - I sent him an article & two poems - one developing another view "Heaven lies around us!" - This I sent a month ago. I have not heard from him.

And now for a few queries - first & foremost "How does your life?" How has *Thygyria* treated you? How is Mrs Hunt? - Tell the family. Is your play printed? Is it soon to be produced? How gets on your volume of *Poems*? Is Thornton still stoppatching? you will send him this letter, so I do not write to him, but nevertheless should not reject one from him. Do you still think of going to Hampstead? How wags the world with the "admirable Egerton" - what about Chrichton's Chrichton - friend, he is as ever - I laugh joyfully over his own & other's jokes. Tell the "admirable William" I will write to him anon but really not for want of time - his *fiction* - hint to him to know that if he can contrive to snatch a quarter of an hour from his Spectatorial, Sardonian, & epigrammatico-polyglottical employments, forthwith to send me notification of his existence. As for your reply I demand the smallest closest written letter with everything about you & yours you can think of & then gossip on other things. Tell Mrs Hunt I do remember one of a three quarter promise on her part to write to me; so that if the spirit moves I shall have a packet from London - a most welcome thing!

I have had several adventures here but one a fortnight ago was nearly terminating in a manner too Romantic & too pleasant - Cutting across the country with a young Englishman & a German we got into a swamp - where we remained floundering about for nearly an hour walking through it up to our middle & at one place nearly up to the neck - without a single clue to get out & the sky dark as death above us except from some occasional magnificent flashes of lightning - at last we made a bold push through a ditch & got on terra firma, in a state of not the most comfortable

or any member of your
family would pray us
a visit. You can't imagine
me since the death of
my mother how dear
their family are to me.
I hope you have not
suffered lately from
any attack of the throat
to which I think from
what you said in
your last letter you
are subject.

We mean to take
some photographs
a portrait of our dear
mother, painted by
my niece Clara, and
which is a very good
likeness. When they are
done I will send you
one.
My family joins with